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THE

HUE and CRY

AFTER

J--- Duke of M---

Lord G---y, and Sir Tho. A-----g.

O Yes! five hundred Pounds for a Whig Knight, and no more for a Protestant Prince, the Head of the Rabble, the Defender of the Factions, Assertor of Our Liberties, and Supporter of our True-blue-Protestant-Interest: 'Tis but a small sum for so Wise a Head-piece, but a great deal more then some of their Heads are worth. Five hundred pounds, Hy! Fowler, there Rockwood, let loose the Monkey with his Chain of Packets, and the Elephant with his Castle of Pamphlets. There my Dog Powman, with all the Kennel of roaring Toryes, or thou wilt not have a Whig left to burn in Shaftsbury's room. Flee Towzer, and bring him back, or thou wilt not have a Trimmer left behind to vent thy Spleen upon; nay, in this Conspiracy, thou art in danger of loosing the Popish-Plot; and what wilt thou have then to say?

Roar out Bull, Bellow Baxter; lift up thy Voice like a Trumpet: The Patriots and Horsemen of Israel, the men mighty in Battle are fallen, and who have we left behind to fight the Battle of the Lord. The Heads of the Factions, the Heads of thy People are dropping off, and I fear for all their deep Projects and Mysterious Cabals, they will prove themselves but Blockheads at last.

Is M---h fled; and with him all the Protestant Hope and Interest? Is the Popish Plot turn'd to a Presbyterian Conspiracy? Is our running for the Plate come to running for our Lives? and instead of hunting for Rebellion, are we hunted for Rebels? What will become of our Lives and Liberties; our Routs and Ryots; our Clubs and Cabals; nay, what will become of our Wives and Daughters? Our Wives may Mourn, and our Daughters may pine, but who will comfort them in the day of their longing?

Is this the effect of all our holy Races, and Religious Horse-Matches, our beating the Countrey round for a Pack of old Beagles to pursue the old Game? Where are West's Fire-Locks, Wildmans Cannons, Rumley's Blunderbushes, that out-did Pickering and all his Popish Plot, and was to have blown King and Kingdom up at a blast?

Where is your True-Blew-Protestant-Cause? And where are the Protestant Arms? the Protestant-Flayls, and Protestant-Daggers? Are there no more Protestant-Flayls, but what the Rank Tory Richard prophan'd in the Play, or are there no more Daggers than what Sir Robert C--n carries in his Pocket? Where are your City-Ryots, and your Countrey-Routs, that laid so fair for a Reformation? Where are A---s Hundreds and Legions? Where are G---ys Thousands, and M---ths ten thousands? Or where is that Loyal Duke, or where may we find him.

If you would find him, search not for him in the Cock-pit, nor in the Council, (for he hath despised the Counjel of the ungodly) but make diligent inquirie for him at Sir W. P--y's, and at the Countess of S---ds; and if you miss of him there, be sure to search in the Lady G---ys Placket, and 'tis ten thousand pound to a Nut shell but you'll take him napping.

For the Lord G---y, tho' there's no great hopes of finding Him with his Lady, yet (if his Plotting has not spoil'd his Billing, you may catch him, and thereby, perhaps, two Rewards together) with a near Relation of her Ladyships.

A---ng is not to be found either in Church or Conventicle, but (if you look close) you may find him with a common Whore at Stratfoords, or a holy Sister at Wapping, Preaching Liberty of Conscience to the Saints, if his Politicks has not spoil'd his Letchery.

For Ferguson. you may find him in some Conventicle, holding forth to the Saints in Tribulation, . at it would please the Laird to prosper their King-killing-Treasons, and Soul-saving Conspiracies: or if they be found out in their Devices, that they may not fall into the hands of the Wicked; that in the day of their Tryal he may preserve their Throats from the Ax, and their Necks from the Halter.

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